

## The Eggpocalypse's Lone Survivor's Adventure into Normalcy

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# The Eggpocalypse's Lone Survivor's Adventure into Normalcy

by [impravidus](#)

## Summary

Tommy, lone survivor of the eggpocalypse, gets sent to a Modern AU and everyone tries to help this kid — who was clearly raised in a cult — heal and all simultaneously try to adopt him.

## Notes

thank you Smallest for all of your help with this one! you're the goat!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

- Inspired by [Canon!Tommy in a vigilante AU what will he do??](#) by [Smallest](#)

## **almost hitting a kid with your car? more like accidental brother acquisition.**

Wilbur is tired.

Maybe a little too tired to be driving. Okay, maybe a little more than a little, but hey! He's gotta get home and it's not like he can sleep in the campus library.

(Well, technically he can. But he'll get kicked out at 2AM and then he'll have to scramble to put away his books and get to his car in the pitch black because God forbid his university actually have streetlamps and then he'll wake Fundy up when he comes in because he always wakes him up when he comes in and then he'll take forever to get back to sleep and it's just not fun, okay?)

So yes, Wilbur is tired, and he's driving, and the only thing keeping his eyes open is the polka song that somehow got onto his playlist blaring at full volume.

But even with how tired he is, he definitely would've noticed that person in the middle of the road, right? Right?

Wilbur slams his foot on the brake, most likely getting a light case of whiplash as he prays to the Gods above that he didn't just hit the person who just appeared in the middle of the road.

Heart pounding, Wilbur barely has enough clarity to put the car into park before he hops out to go check on this random street person.

The person is actually a... kid?

A kid who is definitely bleeding, oh God, oh Jesus, he can *not* afford to get sued. He barely has enough money to eat cold moldy bagels.

Wilbur kneels at the kid's side and takes stock of his injuries and realizes that none of these injuries have come from his car.

Cuts and scrapes, gnarly gashes, missing chunks of deeply scarred skin. So many injuries that should not be on a kid.

His hair is covered in dirt and blood and Wilbur can't even tell what color it's supposed to be.

"Hey," Wilbur says, shaking the kid by his shoulders. "Hey, can you hear me?"

The kid rolls to his side and starts coughing. It's wet and does not sound remotely healthy at all and oh God, Wilbur should probably get him to a hospital but he does not have the money for hospital bills so hopefully this kid's parents does and *come on Wilbur, possibly dying child.*

“I’m gonna pick you up, okay? And get you in my car.”

The kid just continues to cough and gasp for air.

“Or maybe just sit you up. Maybe sitting you up is the better thing to do.” Wilbur sits behind the kid and hoists him up in a sitting position, leaning his back on Wilbur’s chest.

The coughs start to lighten and Wilbur sighs in relief.

The kid, despite how thin and frail he is, is tall and heavy, and Wilbur knows he won’t be able to hold him up forever, but he’ll let him rest before he drags him into his car.

“Wilby?” the kid slurs.

Wilbur stiffens. Worst case scenarios start to run through his head. *Is this all a human trafficking ploy? Is this just a well SFX-ed child actor and I’m about to get snatched by people who want to grind my bones into dust and sell it on the black market?*

Then, the more reasonable part of his brain realizes, no. This child probably has an older sibling or friend named Wilby that he’s mistaking Wilbur for. Because he’s holding him. And why would a random stranger hold you? Well, he would if he finds you bleeding out on the street after he almost hit you with his car but that’s *so not the point right now*.

“Do you think can get up, bud? Come into my car?”

“M'ncart?” the kid asks.

“Car,” Wilbur repeats. “So I can get you some medical help.”

“No more doctors,” the kid says. “They’re all dead.”

And if that isn’t fucking ominous, Wilbur doesn’t know what is.

“Okay, we’re getting up, yup, that’s what we’re doing.” Wilbur loops his arms under the kid’s armpits and the kid screams. Wilbur immediately jumps back, nearly dropping the kid on the street. “I’m sorry! I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

“It hurts,” the whimpers. “Just want to be with you. ‘s not supposed to hurt.”

“You’re gonna stop hurting soon, okay? We just have to get to the hospital.”

The kid doesn’t reply. Instead, he goes completely limp and collapses to the ground. Wilbur barely catches him before his head collides with the pavement.

“Okay,” Wilbur says. “Okay! Okay. You got this. You’re... this is... yeah. Uh huh.” Wilbur wraps his arms around the kids torso and does his best to drag him to the passenger side of his car but people are *heavy*, how do firefighters *do* this, like you would think with the six year old and the dancing he’d have more muscles but apparently that’s all nullified by his inability to eat any protein that doesn’t come in a Lunchable box, and *come on kid, why the hell are you so heavy?!*

Wilbur eventually is able to drag the kid into his passenger seat and does his best to not think about the stains he's gonna have to scrub out of the fabric and makes a u-turn towards the hospital.

Hands trembling as he grips his wheel, he realizes he should probably call his dad. Yes, he is a grown man, but in moments like these, he deserves to call his dad!

It rings twice and his dad picks up, the sound of water running in the background, probably because he's doing the dishes.

*"Hey, Wil, what's—"*

"I almost hit a child with my car."

A pause. *"You what?!"*

"I almost hit a child with my car and he's bleeding and now I'm taking him to the hospital."

*"Wait, wait, did you or did you not hit him with your car?"*

"I didn't but he was already bleeding, like a lot, and I don't know why because he didn't tell me but it's bad, Dad. It's like super, really bad. I feel like I'm a side character in an episode of Criminal Minds right now and I have no idea what to do—"

*"Wil. Just take a breath. Focus on the road. I'll meet you at the hospital."*

"But Fundy—"

*"Will be at home with your brother. Breathe. Drive."*

"Okay," Wilbur says, taking a long breath (what were those things on those stupid standardized tests? Balloon breaths? My balloon is blue. It is expanding... and I'm letting out the air... and I'm not taking a standardized test so why do I feel like I am? Oh right. Bleeding child in my passenger seat. *Balloon breath. Balloon breath!*)

*"Why exactly is the kid bleeding?"*

Balloon breath! "He's like covered in cuts and some of them are, like, really deep. And I can't even figure out why a kid would be hurt like this. *Who* would hurt a kid like this. And it doesn't even look new. It looks like he's been hurt for years."

"Okay," Phil says. *"Then we'll make sure he ends up somewhere safe, alright?"*

"Okay," Wilbur says, nodding. "Okay, good."

Wilbur pulls into the parking lot of the hospital and realizes that he can't carry the kid, so he runs inside and does his best to explain the situation.

Luckily, they have gurneys and people stronger than Wilbur, and take the kid in.

Wilbur isn't able to go back with the kid. Instead, he has to tell them everything he knows (which is basically nothing) and then wait in the waiting room.

His dad shows up at some point and Wilbur rises from his seat, barreling into his arms. His dad wraps his arms tight around Wilbur, petting his hair and letting Wilbur sob into his shoulder.

They end up sitting together, his dad's hand in his, just a constant grounding pressure as they wait.

"Wilbur Soot?"

Wilbur's head shoots up. "That's me!"

"You brought in Tommy Innit, that's correct?" the nurse asks.

"Tommy," Wilbur repeats. "His name is Tommy?"

She frowns slightly. "Yes. He... he's asking for you. He said you're his brother."

Wilbur's breath hitches. "And I can see him?"

"He won't let any of the doctors get near him, but he's asking for you."

Wilbur shares a look with his dad who gives him an encouraging nod. "Lead the way."

The winding halls of the hospital bring back bad memories of his mother on her deathbed and the best day of Wilbur's life turned to one of his worst. He pushes the negativity away and tries his best to not expect the worst.

She takes him into the room and the kid's eyes light up with recognition but also a mix of shock, excitement, and... fear?

"Wilbur!" he exclaims.

The nurse must take this as enough proof that they know each other (when it really isn't) and she heads out, closing the door behind him.

"So this is it, huh?" the kid, Tommy, says.

"What?" Wilbur asks.

"The afterlife! I've finally made it! Free from the eggpocalypse! I can finally rest in the holy resting place, just as Twitch Prime herself foretold. You know, being the last man alive is real exhausting so I'm glad to finally get a break. Beds could be a little cushier, I mean it is the afterlife, but then again, who am I to judge the holy resting place?"

Wilbur blinks. "Uh. What?"

“You know, I went back to pray at the steps of Church Prime, to pray to her holy goodness, just for the chance to rest and look at that! The praying has worked! Pogchamp! I’m free! I’m resting!”

“You’re...” Wilbur’s brows furrow. “Do you think you’re dead?”

“Well, you’re here. So where else would I be?”

Wilbur’s heart drops. “You... I’m not dead. And you’re not dead either. You’re alive.”

Tommy’s face falls. “So... so I have to keep fighting? I have to keep being alive?”

“You never have to fight again,” Wilbur says. “Not if you don’t want to.”

“I don’t want to,” Tommy says. “But it’s not like I have a choice, do I?”

“You do have a choice,” Wilbur says. “And we’re... we’re going to do everything we can to make sure you don’t have to fight anyone else again, okay?”

“Until the egged are gone, I can’t rest,” Tommy says, like it’s a motto he’s repeated a million times. “I can’t rest until they’re all gone.”

“The... the egged, they’re not here, Tommy,” Wilbur says. “You’re safe.”

“They’re really gone?” Tommy whispers. “I’m free? And I can rest? *And* be alive?”

“Yeah, Tommy, you can,” Wilbur says, tears beginning to pool in his eyes.

“That’s nice,” Tommy says, a small smile tugging at his lips. His eyes slip shut and Wilbur can see as exhaustion takes over the boy’s body.

Wilbur stares at the boy, a million questions running through his mind, but one that reverberates in his mind the most. “Who are you, Tommy Innit?”

## **apparently multiversal constants are not a thing (thank prime there was no jello!)**

Apparently getting emergency guardianship is hard.

Wilbur doesn't totally know, because his dad is the one that is handling the whole thing, but it involves people going to their house to deem it fit for a child and his dad filling out mountains of paperwork from tired people in slacks and Wilbur going into their attic to find his dad's foster care license from when he fostered Techno.

It's stressful and it's overwhelming but Wilbur knows it'll all be worth it if they can get Tommy to come home with them.

When Wilbur gets a moment to just pause and breathe, he goes to visit Tommy.

The kid is clicking through the TV with pure astonishment.

"Wilbur! Look at this!" Tommy says excitedly.

Tommy must have not have had TVs where he came from. Something about that breaks Wilbur's heart a little.

"Yeah? What are you watching?" Wilbur asks.

"Well first I watched this show with animals I've never seen before and then I watched this show in Spanish where this lady slapped this guy so hard that he hit the wall and then I watched a show where they made a cake so tall that it almost hit the ceiling and then—"

Tommy continues to list everything he's watched and Wilbur watches with an amused smile.

"What's your favorite thing on here?" Tommy asks.

"I'm not much of a cable guy," Wilbur says automatically.

Tommy looks at him with a confused furrowed brow.

"Uh, I mean, I like HGTV. They have shows about houses."

Tommy's face scrunches. "What's so interesting about houses?"

"Well sometimes they show them making old houses better and new," Wilbur explains, realizing he's never had to explain HGTV to anyone. "Or they make boring houses cool. Or sometimes they just go to a bunch of cool houses."

Tommy blinks. "That's *boring*."

Wilbur laughs. "I guess it is. I like it, though."



"You gotta like *something* that isn't boring," Tommy says.

"I don't know!" Wilbur says. "I like movies, I guess."

"I haven't seen many of those," Tommy says.

"Do you want to? Watch movies, I mean."

"With you?" Tommy asks, tentative like he thinks Wilbur is going to laugh in his face and say 'No! Why would you think I'd watch a movie with *you*?'"

"I'd love to," Wilbur says. "There's so many movies for you to catch up on. We'll... we'll make a whole thing of it. Movie nights every night we can with popcorn and candy."

"Candy?" Tommy repeats.

"Yeah," Wilbur says. "It's... it's sweet. And you eat it with popcorn when you watch movies. We'll... we'll try a new candy every new movie. Feeds two birds with one scone."

"I'd like to try something new," Tommy says. "Everything's been the same for so long."

Wilbur's smile falls. He clears his throat and sits at the chair next to Tommy's bed. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm feeling fan-fucking-tastic," Tommy says, surprising Wilbur with his curse. "They've got me doped up on all the drugs, Wil. I haven't felt this good since before the first war."

"War?" Wilbur repeats, horrified.

"Ah, don't be dense, aye?" Tommy wiggles his finger at him. "You know how it is."

Wilbur really doesn't.

"Do you need anything?" Wilbur asks.

Tommy's eyes go wide. "Actually, yes, I do."

"What is it? I can get it for you," Wilbur says, maybe a little too eagerly.

"I can't access my inventory," Tommy says, voice low.

Wilbur... doesn't know what that means. "Your.. inventory?"

"Didn't I say not to be dense, yeah my inventory!"

Wilbur is guessing Tommy isn't going to explain what an inventory is if he asks so he weighs the different responses in his head that will hopefully get the best response from Tommy.

"Well... I don't have an inventory," Wilbur says.

Tommy freezes. His head slowly turns to face Wilbur. "You don't?"

“Yeah. And most people I know don’t have them either,” Wilbur says. He doesn’t overcomplicate it by saying *‘well technically, people who work in gift shops and bakeries might have inventories but that’s more the store’s inventory not their inventory.’*

“What the fuck is wrong with this place?” Tommy whispers. Tommy looks up, realization dawning. “You’re not Wilbur, are you? Not *my* Wilbur.”

Wilbur’s heart aches. “I’m sorry, bud. I’m not.”

Tommy laughs bitterly. “Yeah, suppose you’re not, huh?”

Suddenly, the mood completely dampens.

“But,” Wilbur says quickly. “Even though I’m not your Wilbur, I still care about you.”

“Why?” Tommy asks.

Wilbur’s heart breaks. “Because you’re you. And you deserve to have someone care about you.”

“Oh.” Tommy is surprised by his answer, he can tell, and Wilbur thinks he doesn’t hear that much.

“Hey,” Wilbur says. “Are you hungry?”

Tommy lights. “Am I ever? I could eat a stack of pork.”

“Well, I don’t know if they have stacks of pork, but I can get you something from the cafeteria. Have any preferences?”

“Your call, big man,” Tommy says. “Just nothing poisoned.”

The implications of that are something Wilbur doesn’t want to think too hard about it. “Promise nothing poisoned.”

“Pog,” Tommy says.

On Wilbur’s walk to the cafeteria, he repeats through the conversation, trying to understand it.

He feels like he should have a list. Eggpocalypse, Twitch Prime, inventories, poisoned food, pog/pogchamp, *you’re not my Wilbur*. What does it all mean?

They do end up having ham in the cafeteria so Wilbur gets him that with some potatoes and corn. He also grabs a little bowl of soup in case Tommy can’t stomach the meal. On his way out, he also grabs a little container of Jello since he knows his favorite part about going to the hospital was the Jello.

Tommy is watching an infomercial for some multipurpose blender in Spanish when Wilbur comes in, and Tommy looks completely immersed in the program.

“Hey,” Wilbur says, shaking his shoulders to emphasize the tray he’s holding.

“Gimme,” Tommy says, holding out his hands and making grabby hands at Wilbur.

Wilbur laughs and places the tray on Tommy’s lap.

“Oh man, I’ve haven’t seen a meal like this since before the Eggpocalypse,” Tommy says. “You eat what you can, y’know? And man, am I sick of apples.”

Don’t feed Tommy apples. Noted.

“Thanks,” Tommy says, the words hesitant, like he’s not used to saying them.

“Yeah, of course,” Wilbur says. “Don’t even worry about it.”

Tommy goes for the Jello last and Wilbur realizes that he’s probably never had it. Tommy eyes it warily.

“It’s called Jello,” Wilbur says. “It’s a fruit dessert.”

“Where’s the fruit?” Tommy asks.

“It’s... fruit flavoring,” Wilbur says.

Tommy pulls open the tin covering slowly and takes a scoop with his fork. When it hits his tongue, his face morphs into pure disgust.

“Don’t like it?” Wilbur asks, hiding his smile behind his hand.

“What the *fuck* is this shit?!”

“You can spit it out. It’s okay,” Wilbur says, stifling a laugh.

Tommy spits it back in the cup and runs his tongue beneath his top teeth to scrape off the taste.

“People eat that shit?!” Tommy asks.

“Some people, yeah,” Wilbur says.

“What is wrong with this world?” Tommy says.

There’s a knock on the door and Tommy flinches hard.

And suddenly, it hits Wilbur that the reason Tommy doesn’t know these things isn’t a happy one.

The doctor comes, giving Tommy a soft smile. “Hey Tommy. I’ve got someone to introduce you to.”

“Who?” Tommy says.

“He’s gonna be taking care of you these next couple days. If all goes well, hopefully longer than that. He’s gonna be your foster guardian.” She looks to Wilbur and he realizes who she’s talking about.

“He’s my dad,” Wilbur says. “He’s really nice and he would never, *ever* hurt you.”

“Has he hurt you?” Tommy asks.

“*Never*,” Wilbur says.

“Okay,” Tommy says quietly, fiddling with the blanket.

The doctor exits and Phil comes in, smiling warmly. “Hey, mate.”

“Hi,” Tommy murmurs, not looking up at Phil. Wilbur is taken aback by his sudden shyness because ever since he’s met Tommy, he’s been a whirlwind of a force.

“My name is Phil,” Phil says. “And you’re?”

“Tommy,” Tommy says, chin tucked into his chest.

“It’s nice to meet you, Tommy,” Phil says, his voice as gentle and kind as it possibly can be.

“Where are your crows?” Tommy asks.

Wilbur and Phil both still. Phil obviously doesn’t have an answer for this.

“My... crows?” Phil asks.

“The Angel of Death always has his crows,” Tommy says.

Wilbur’s heart drops.

“I... what do you mean?” Phil asks.

“You were married to the Goddess of Death, right?” Tommy asks. “So... so you’re the Angel of Death. I’d think it’d be one of those constants.”

“I’m... no,” Phil says, trying to be as cautious with his words as possible. “I was married to a lovely woman named Kristin. And I’m... I’m not an angel of death. Or an angel of any kind. I’m just a man.”

Tommy frowns. “Really?” Like it’s unfathomable to him that Phil — *Phil Soot*, his dad who does math as a *job* — isn’t a death angel surrounded by crows.

“What does... what does the Angel of Death do?” Phil asks.

“Well he... he blows up countries. And kills his son.” Tommy looks at Wilbur with hollow eyes.

“I’m not blowing up... *any* countries,” Phil says. “And I’m definitely never going to kill my son.”

“Even if he blows up his country?” Tommy asks.

“Even then,” Phil says.

What are these countries that apparently blown up? *What happened to you, Tommy?*

“Even if he tells you to?” Tommy says. “Like, begs you to.”

“I would never kill Wilbur. Ever,” Phil says. He draws an X over his heart with his finger.

“Really?” Tommy asks, like he can’t believe it.

“Really,” Phil says. “I wouldn’t kill *anyone*.”

“Anyone?” Tommy says, like that’s the most surprising thing Phil has said. “At all?”

“Anyone at all,” Phil says.

Tommy slumps back against the headrest of his bed, like strings that have been cut from a puppet. “Oh.” Tommy looks up at them with watery eyes. “It’s really different here, innit?”

“Yeah, it is,” Wilbur says. “You’re safe here.”

“And I don’t have to kill anymore either?” Tommy asks, voice small.

A chill shoots down Wilbur’s spine. “You never *ever* have to kill anyone or anything.”

“I’m done?” Tommy says shakily. “I’m really done?”

“May I hug you?” Wilbur asks, unable to stop himself.

Tommy nods, head going up and down like a bobblehead.

Wilbur rushes to Tommy’s side and pulls him in for a hug, careful to mind his injuries.

“I don’t know what happened to you, Tommy, but I am here. And I will *be* here. You’re gonna heal from this, I believe it.” Wilbur runs a trembling hand through Tommy’s hair.

Tommy just sobs silently into Wilbur’s shoulder, arms looped around his back and squeezing tight.

“I can’t remember the last time you hugged me, Wil,” Tommy whispers. “I can’t remember the last time I’ve been hugged at all.” Tommy hiccups. “It’s been so long since it hasn’t hurt.”

Wilbur holds him tighter. “No one’s gonna hurt you again, Toms.”

“Do you promise?” Tommy says.

“We’re gonna protect you,” Wilbur says, the promise fierce and true.

“I haven’t had someone to protect me in a long time,” Tommy says. “It’s just been me and *them*.”

Wilbur’s breath shudders. “I got you, Toms. I got you.”

And they stay like that until Tommy cries himself out and goes limp into Wilbur’s hold.

“This isn’t gonna be easy,” Wilbur says, the words grave.

“It won’t,” Phil says. “But he’s worth it.”

Wilbur looks at Tommy, the boy not at peace even in his sleep. “He is worth everything.”

# give this evil amish cult survivor some got dam love

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Wilbur and Phil leave Tommy to rest, the boy groggy as the pain medication starts to sink in.

The doctor shuts the door softly behind her, a grave expression on her face, lips pursed as though she's holding back what she wants to say.

"Tommy's injuries are... substantial," she finally says. "And though some are new, there is evidence of physical injury going back *years*. Stab wounds and puncture wounds — we suspect arrows — not to mention the third degree burns. He has fractured and broken bones that have healed but show signs of healing improperly. He's extremely underweight for a boy his age and, behaviorally, shows signs of extreme trauma from what we suspect was some sort of abuse or continued graphic violence."

"So what do we do?" Wilbur asks.

"You show him kindness," she says with a sad smile. "As I've seen you do. And you give him time. It doesn't seem that he has processed his trauma or is even cognizant of it. Often, victims of severe abuse don't start processing it until they are in a place of safety. So give him safety, and one day, it'll all come to him, and you will need to be there for him."

"Will he be alright?" Phil asks. "His injuries, not... not, I know that he might never be fully okay with the..."

"He should heal," she says. "He will most likely have some issues with chronic pain, but there are ways to make it manageable, tolerable. He might not ask for help, most likely probably won't, so you need to vocalize your concerns and be willing to be persistent. He needs support, mentally and physically."

"And we will do whatever we can to give that to him," Phil says, the answer a no brainer.

"I can tell you will," she says. "I'm glad that he has found you."

"When can he come home with us?" Phil asks.

"He needs to rest, at least for 48 hours. His body is exhausted and so is his mind. We are going to keep him on the IV to get him some of the nutrients he's lacking and manage his pain with medication. He hasn't been showing any signs of rejection, which is good. Most of his open wounds were superficial, though there were some that needed stitches, and the other injuries were old and healed, so there's nothing we can do for them. For now, we just need to monitor him and his health."

"They still need to vet me and the house anyways," Phil murmurs. He looks up, clearing his throat. "Alright. Thank you, doctor. Would you happen to be willing to give us a, a chart or

list about his injuries? So that we know what to do?"

"I'll have someone get that to you. In the meantime, I recommend you go home and prepare for your new resident and get some rest. Tommy is resting now, and you should too."

Wilbur has no idea how he's going to go to sleep tonight. Then again, he also knows that the moment the adrenaline wears off, he's going to crash hard.

"C'mon, Wil. We'll come right back for him," Phil says, placing a hand on Wilbur's shoulder and squeezing gently.

Wilbur is right about the crash. By the time he's pulling up to their house, he's nearly falling asleep at the wheel.

Wilbur can't find it in him to take his nightly shower, so he switches into the first pajamas he sees and collapses into bed.

Phil knocks on his door lightly. Wilbur perks up his head to look at him. Phil makes his way to Wilbur's bed, pulling up his sheets, smoothing them out like he would when he was a child. Phil places a hand on Wilbur's forehead. "Everything's gonna be alright." He runs his hand through Wilbur's curls, sliding down to hold his cheek with a teary smile. "Whatever happens, Tommy is going to get the help he needs."

Wilbur nods, holding back the tears prickling in his eyes.

"I love you," Phil says softly.

"I love you too, Dad," Wilbur says.

Phil flicks off the lamp and closes the door behind him.

And then it's morning.

Wilbur doesn't remember falling asleep, only knowing that he did and slept through the night.

Phil must have spent the morning tidying the place, making sure everything was pristine and safe for Tommy and making his room an inviting and comfortable space for the teen.

Wilbur goes back to the hospital but finds that Tommy isn't awake for long, very out of it now that the drugs have kicked in and his body is working on double time to heal him.

Plus, Wilbur thinks, Tommy hasn't been able to truly rest in a long time.

When he does wake, he doesn't say much. Tommy, the boy who was so exuberant and brash in the moments that Wilbur had gotten to speak with him before, looks wrong, so blank as he stares numbly at the wall.

Wilbur talks to him and he thinks Tommy understands. He hopes he does. He doesn't know if he's saying the right things, but sometimes Tommy's lips turn up into a dopey smile, eyes



shut and head pushing into the back of his pillows, and he figures he must be saying something right.

It's like that for the next couple days until Tommy starts to show great progress and they start to wean him off of the drugs.

Luckily, Tommy doesn't need any physical therapy, or at least, not any that is urgent to start now, and they can take him home once he's aware enough to consent to it.

As the drugs come off, Tommy slowly turns back to the boy that Wilbur had gotten to know. He rattles nonsense to Wilbur, nothing about the horrors that Wilbur had gotten just glimpses of, but things that say so little yet say so much.

Tommy talks about his pet spider, Shroud. Wilbur suspects a tarantula, since Tommy explains that it's a big spider, but Tommy doesn't know what a tarantula is so he can't get any confirmation. He knows he could just show him a photo but he figures it's not that important.

Tommy also talks about the friends he used to have, Tubbo and Ranboo and Michael. Or, well, Michael may not be his friend. He may be Tubbo and Ranboo's kid? Which begs the question, how old were Tubbo and Ranboo? Wilbur isn't sure and he doesn't know if he wants to know the answer.

He also talks about things like farming and mining and it really gives Wilbur even more questions than he even thought were possible. Tommy talks about them so casually that it must be a staple in his life.

Wilbur wonders how they can start a garden for Tommy to keep at least that in his life.

Tommy also talks about his crafts, how he had sewn uniforms for his friends, for what he doesn't say, and how he hand dyed their flag. He talks about spinning wool into yarn and knitting it into sweaters for the winter times. He talks about woodworking and blacksmithing and construction.

Tommy knows how to do a lot of things for a kid his age and Wilbur has started to build an image of some sort of amish community that Tommy lived in. Except, a fucked up amish community where they abuse children and kill each other.

Wilbur bets there's gotta be a movie about that somewhere.

Anyways.

Tommy is awake when Wilbur and Phil show up to take him home and Wilbur can tell that he's get very antsy to finally leave the hospital.

Phil has to finish up some paperwork, so Wilbur hangs back with Tommy.

"Fuckin' finally!" Tommy says. "Please tell me we're getting real food. The stuff here's alright but man I would love to sink my teeth into some real beef."

"We can grab burgers on the way home," Wilbur says.

Tommy blinks owlishly at him, the usual hint that he doesn't know what Wilbur is talking about.

"It's like... mashed up beef put into a patty that you have between bread with cheese."

"Huh," Tommy says. "And it's good?"

"It's really good," Wilbur says. "I'm sure you'll love it."

"So I'm gonna be stayin' with you?" Tommy says.

"Yeah, me and my family," Wilbur says. "I think you'll like it. And everyone will love you."

"Of course they will," Tommy says with a scoff. "Everyone loves me." Tommy puffs out his chest but Wilbur can see it's all bravado.

Phil knocks on the door, popping his head in. "You two ready to go home?"

Tommy grins. "As ready as I'll ever be."

Tommy has to be rolled out in a wheelchair, protocol apparently, and he stares blankly at Phil's car.

"What the fuck is that?"

Phil, obviously not expecting this question, splutters for a moment. "It's a car. It... moves you places."

"Like a portal?" Tommy asks.

"No, like... you go inside and you can move faster when you are in it. Because it... moves fast."

Phil has never had to explain a car to someone, even when his kids were young. Television and movies did that for him.

"Like... a minecart?" Tommy asks. "But there's no rails."

"It has wheels," Wilbur says. "So you don't need rails. You steer it and the wheels move the way you steer?"

"Can I try?" Tommy asks.

"Maybe another time," Phil says. "After you understand it a little better."

"Pog," Tommy says.

Wilbur opens the door for Tommy and climbs in the back with him. Usually Phil would give him shit for making him feel like a chauffeur but Wilbur has a feeling that Phil would agree that this is the best for Tommy.

“Lot more comfortable than a minecart,” Tommy says, wiggling in his seat.

“I’d hope so,” Phil says. “Just warning you, it goes quite fast. When you look out the window, things will look like they’re movin’ really fast but it’s actually the car.”

“Got it, big man,” Tommy says.

Phil starts to drive and they fall into a somewhat comfortable silence.

“This thing is pretty heavy, innit?” Tommy says.

“Yeah,” Phil says. “Cars weigh over a thousand kilograms.”

“Woah,” Tommy says. “Movin’ at this speed, that’d kill a person, yeah?”

“Uhm, yes,” Phil says. “But I am a very careful driver, so I won’t hit anyone. And you have to be careful when you’re walking around cars so you don’t get hit.”

“What if you like, drove over a bunch of people? Like a big group, y’know? Big thing, it is, and people are more fragile than we think they are.”

Phil is obviously uncomfortable with the questioning. “Cars can cause a lot of damage which is why you have to take months of schooling and training before you can get a license to drive it. That’s what makes it legal to drive.”

“Huh,” Tommy says. “Didn’t have that kind of time in the Eggpocalypse. Then again, law wasn’t really a concern, was it? Could’ve used one of these then, legal or not. Maybe then the egged’d stay down.”

The Eggpocalypse. Something that Wilbur nor Phil nor the psychiatrist that spoke to Tommy could really figure out.

Wilbur shared his evil amish theory and the psychiatrist agreed with him, somewhat. Somewhere with a small population with little advanced technology. Tommy, dependent on people who were hurting him badly.

Phil thinks it’s a cult, and to be honest, what is an evil amish community if not a cult? It would make sense. The isolation, the dependence on an abuser, the terminology that none of them are familiar with but are distinctly apocalyptic.

Tommy has strong delusions, and if they are implanted into him or conjured to cope, they don’t know.

“The egged?” Phil asks and Wilbur is giving him a look in the rearview mirror and Phil sends him one back. “What are the egged? Are they like zombies?”

Tommy snorts, as if that’s a ridiculous assumption. “Zombies are just mobs. The egged are...” Tommy’s eyes goes glassy. “The egged are friends turned into monsters.”

And it’s then that they realize it.

This is how Tommy has processed the abuse. Friends turned into monsters, his abusers had been his friends before they...

And somehow that makes it worse. Because Tommy obviously trusted them, maybe even loved them, and they took that trust and love and extinguished it beneath their steeled toed feet.

And Wilbur knows that repairing that damage, that broken trust and exploited love, will take time and so much work, but it'll all be worth it.

Because Tommy deserves to have friends that will never become monsters. Tommy deserves to trust and love freely without fearing that one day they will turn on him.

Tommy has been hurt by the people he loved that were supposed to love him, and Wilbur will not become one of them.

## Chapter End Notes

so..... hey. i know it's been like six months and honestly i just totally lost inspiration for this fic and the stuff i had in the outline for this chapter was really daunting and i started writing other projects and, well, uhhh i got bronchitis and then a bacterial infection and then covid and then parvovirus and then another infection so ... that was a time. anyways! here's a chapter. can't promise there will be another one any time soon. enjoy :-)

EDIT: if any of you are coming to see a new update i am SO SO SO sorry but i accidentally updated this fic instead of welcome to gotham. i'm so sorry.

# **techno is not going to fight a child (what is this world???)**

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Wilbur can't tear his eyes away from Tommy as the boy takes in the world around him with wide eyes of wonderment.

His hand presses against the glass of the window, lips slightly parted with awe as they pass by. There's a curve to his lips that mimics a smile and Wilbur wants to capture it so that it lasts forever.

Tommy doesn't talk as they drive, too absorbed in everything he observes. He doesn't notice they've made it to their destination until Phil tells him that they've arrived.

Tommy suddenly becomes wary, shoulders slumping as his arms wrap around his middle.

"It's alright," Wilbur says. "We don't have to go in just yet."

"It's just... been a long time since I've been in a house, yeah?" Tommy says.

Wilbur doesn't know what that means, and wants to ask where Tommy had been living in if not a house, but he tamps down the question. "Well, it's a nice house. I think you'll like it."

"What's it made of?" Tommy asks, looking at it with a small furrow of the brows.

"Lots of things," Wilbur says, not expecting the question. "I'm not much of an architect but I know there's brick on the outside, wood on the floors, drywall on the walls—"

"Well I'd hope they're dry," Tommy says. "Why would you want wet walls?"

Wilbur chuckles. "No, drywall is a type of, uh, building material. I feel like I should know what it is but I'm realizing I know even less about architecture than I thought."

Tommy nods, taking in his words. "How'd you make your house, then?"

Wilbur glances at him with a furrowed brow. "We didn't build it. It was already built when we bought it."

"Oh man, you commissioned it? You must be rollin' in cash to get a builder with enough skill to make something like this," Tommy says, admiring the house.

"We didn't commission it," Wilbur says, trying to keep himself from frowning. "Someone had built this house a long time again and they sold it to someone else who lived her and then moved and sold it someone else. And, uhm, well, people just did that until eventually we moved in."

"Huh," Tommy says.

“Is that not how houses are from where you’re from?”

“We made our own houses,” Tommy says. “But I haven’t really been stayin’ in one place anymore.”

“A nomad?” Wilbur says. “Traveling?”

Tommy’s lips twist bitterly. “Yeah. You could say that.”

Wilbur, realizing that the topic was sombering the mood, nudges Tommy’s shoulder. “C’mon,” Wilbur says with an encouraging smile. “I can give the grand tour.”

Tommy follows Wilbur inside, looking around with poorly concealed awe.

“What is this?” Tommy asks, putting his hand on the lampshade.

“That’s a lamp,” Wilbur says, his heart constricting at the question.

“Doesn’t look like any lamp I’ve seen,” Tommy says. “Is it run on glowstone?”

“Uhm, no,” Wilbur says. “It’s run on electricity.”

“What’s that?” Tommy says.

And look, Wilbur knew that there was a lot Tommy was sheltered from, but he just never expected...

“It’s used to power things,” Wilbur says, wracking his brain as he tries to remember the lesson from the SciShow and BrainPOP videos he watches with Fundy. “It uses energy to make currents that go through, uhm, wires and stuff to give things the power to do a bunch of stuff and in this case: make light.”

“So it’s like redstone,” Tommy says.

“Redstone?”

“Yeah. It does that same shit.”

So, maybe Tommy *does* know more than he lets on. Wilbur has already realized there are words that he just has to infer in Tommy’s vocabulary, he just didn’t realize it included things so simple as this.

“Glowstone” and “redstone” seem to be an archaic simplification of the concepts but that seems to be a running theme with Tommy. Wilbur wonders how much Tommy *does* know, just... differently.

Wilbur won’t say that it’s wrong because though it’s different from what he knows, that is Tommy’s normal, and saying that it’s wrong diminishes Tommy’s knowledge and perspective.

When they enter the kitchen, Tommy peeking up at the mention of food, Wilbur is surprised to see Phil and Techno already there, pulling out what looks to be some sort of casserole from the oven.

“Tommy!” Phil says. “Is Wilbur showing you around?”

Tommy nods. “Yeah. This place is fucking huge. What do you do with all this space and extra rooms?”

Phil chuckles, though it’s tight. “We find use for them.” Phil clears his throat. “Tommy, this is Technoblade. He’s one of Wilbur’s brothers.”

Tommy’s eyes go wide with perplexity though his body is stiff with apprehension.

“Just Techno’s fine,” he says, holding out a hand to shake.

Tommy jolts at the movement, flinching back and watching him with fearful yet disbelieving eyes. “No.”

“No?” Techno echoes, hand faltering as it’s stuck midair between the two of them.

“No. You’re not.”

Techno shoots Phil a look, confused and unsure of what to do.

Tommy shakes his head, breath quickening with distress. “No. *No*. You’re not.”

“He’s not what, Tommy?” Phil asks softly.

“He’s not Technoblade,” Tommy says.

“Uhm,” Techno says awkwardly. “Yeah? I am?”

“No,” Tommy says. “It’s wrong. *You’re* wrong.”

Phil grimaces apologetically at Techno. “How is he wrong?”

“The Blade isn’t just some guy,” Tommy says, scoffing at the thought. “He’s the bloodiest massacring masochist. He’s *feared*, he’s *revered*, he’s unkillable. Technoblade never dies. And he’s... he’s the furthest thing from human there is.”

Tommy says this with disdain painting his words, almost spit out, mockingly reciting a narrative he’s heard too many times.

“He spills for his Blood God, but I know he does it for his own sick pleasure too. He destroys because he can, kills because it’s what he’s made for, what he’s good at, what he’s *best* at. He makes excuses, pretending it’s for the greater good, but the only good it’s for is for *him*.”

Tommy swipes at his eyes with his sleeve, not so subtly wiping at the tears that were beginning to spill over.

“Did this Blade guy hurt you?” Techno asks.

Tommy snuffles, steeling himself up and standing tall with false bravado. His jaw clenches as he holds back tears and nods. “He hurt a lot of people. And he... he took so much from me. He took my home. He took my best friend’s life. He betrayed me even though I shouldn’t have been stupid enough to trust him and destroyed everything I knew for what? What was it for? I don’t know. But it didn’t matter in the end, did it? Because everything went to shit anyways.”

“Well,” Technoblade says. “He sounds like a dick.”

Tommy’s head snaps up with shock.

“And, look, kid, I’m not much of a fighter. But I will totally humiliate this dude on Twitter and like... ratio him or something.”

Tommy blinks at him owlshly. “What is Twitter?”

Techno blinks back at him. “You know what? Fair.”

“You don’t fight?” Tommy asks, his voice meak and disbelieving.

“Why would I?”

“Because you’re...”

“No. I don’t fight. I mean... with words, yeah. But I’m not out here fist-fightin’ children in my free time.”

“I’m not a child,” Tommy says, the words seemingly automatic.

“Sure,” Techno says. “Well, I don’t make it a habit of fist-fightin’ anyone anyways. And, look, I don’t know who this Blade dude is, but he sounds like he sucks and has his issues. And I suck too, y’know, in my own way, and I’ve got my issues, but I’m not him. So don’t be comparin’ me or anything because there’s nothin’ to compare. He’s him. I’m me. He’s a fighter and the only fights I want are the ones that are in a book. Speakin’ of which, do you know how to read?”

“*Techno*,” Phil hisses.

“Of course I can read, bitch,” Tommy says. “Not that there’s anything wrong with not being able to read. Tub—” He stutters. “I knew a guy whose brain fucked up the words so he couldn’t read them right and even though it was funny, I didn’t hold it against him or anything.”

Wilbur notices the slip up but knows not to push. Techno apparently doesn’t.

“Oh. Did this Tub guy have dyslexia?”

“Don’t talk about him,” Tommy says sharply. “You don’t get to talk about him.”



Techno isn't deterred by his hostility. "Okay. Cool cool. Anyways, I was just askin' if you could read because I was gonna say that the books in the living room are for grabs. Not the ones in my room though. I know I just said that I'm not out here lookin' for a fight, but if you touch the books in my room, I'll put salt in your socks or something."

"Did you write them?"

"What? The books?"

"Yeah," Tommy says. "Because I've written some books in my day. Not to brag. Or, actually, yes. To brag. I'm bragging right now."

"I'm working on something," Techo says.

"AKA, he's been working on the same manuscript since he was literally in high school," Wilbur pipes in.

"I'll have you know I've been doin' other shit too," Techno says.

"Sure," Wilbur says with a playful smirk.

"And how's production on your debut album?" Techno says. "Oh, right. You haven't even recorded it yet."

"I—!" Wilbur pauses, taking a breath. "They're not ready, yet."

"Oh yeah totally."

"Boys!" Phil says loudly, cutting off whatever petty bitch fight they were about to have. "I'm sure Tommy is famished, so how about we dig into this casserole?"

"Actually," Tommy says. "I was hopin' I could get some 'z's in. You'd think I'd've gotten enough but that bed was *not* comfortable. And I'm used to sleeping on the ground. Something about that shit just totally fucked up my spine, so, uh... not to be like presumptuous or anything, but is there a bed that I can, you know."

"Of course!" Phil says. "The doors have signs with names. It's chalkboard, so you can personalize it however you want when you're feeling up to it. We'll go and get stuff to make it feel more like your space later. But there is a bed in there and I cleaned the sheets for you."

"Seriously?"

Phil's brows draw together with worry. "Uhm... yes."

"Huh," Tommy says. "*Huh.*"

"Get some rest," Phil says. "There's plenty of casserole to go around. I'll save the leftovers for you."

Tommy stares at him, something so open and confused, like the simple act of kindness is unfathomable to him.

And maybe it is.

Because, though they don't know what he's been through, they know that it is just as unfathomable to them as their kindness is to Tommy.

## Chapter End Notes

hey y'all... so it's been seven months. gonna be completely honest, the inspiration just hasn't been here for this story. and then i fell out of dream smp and just wasn't in the mindset to write anything for the fandom. and then today, i read One (1) tommy centric and i got One (1) comment on this fic and i was like.,..., hm yeah i'll update. and then i cranked half of this out in the car and then half when i got home and ,, yeah. so i hope you enjoy! can't promise that there will be any updates any time soon.

# **you can't escape your nightmares, but you can pet a cow**

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The house is awoken by blood curdling screams.

Phil immediately shoots up from his bed, heart racing at the noise, half stumbling out of bed to follow the sound.

The screams are accompanied by a sharp whimper of pain and Phil doubles his pace. Nearly slipping as he turns harshly on the hardwood floors in his socks and catching himself on Tommy's doorframe, he launches into the room to find Tommy pushed against the corner where his bed meets the wall, breaths labored with eyes wild and unseeing, and Fundy on the ground, curled up as he holds his bleeding nose.

Phil is frozen between the two and is thankful to hear Wilbur enter behind him, pushing past Phil and beelining to his son, pulling the boy into his arms and rocking him softly as he exits with him.

Reassured that Fundy is being taken care of, Phil can give his undivided attention to Tommy.

"Hey, mate," Phil says softly. "Can you hear me?"

Tommy just shudders, backing up closer to the corner, breaths quickening even more.

"Hey, follow my breaths." Phil leads him through the breathing exercises he's had to do for his kids countless times, using his hands to visualize the counts, and slowly but surely, Tommy's gone from hyperventilation to slightly hiccuped but steady breaths.

"Tommy?" Phil says.

Tommy's brows furrow. "Phil?"

"Yeah, it's me, mate. I'm here." Phil reaches out to Tommy and he jerks away, back hitting the wall with an audible thump. Phil takes a step back, creating distance between them.

"You're alright. It's okay." As Tommy's eyes clear a little more, Phil takes a seat at the desk on the other side of the room. "Do you want to talk about it?"

Tommy's face shudders, blank and hard, a look that no kid should ever have. "Same old shit." He smiles brightly, though it doesn't reach his eyes. "Nothing to worry about, big man."

The words do nothing to soothe Phil. If anything, they make him more worried, but Tommy has just gotten out of wherever he was before and it would do no good to push him after his first night spent with him.

"Alright," Phil says, nodding. "Okay. If you say so."

Tommy looks at him with trepidation, as if he's waiting for Phil to take back the statement, and when he doesn't, he reluctantly relaxes.

"Would you like some time to yourself?"

"Yes," he says immediately, flinching and watching Phil again, waiting for his response.

"Okay," Phil says. "I'll get breakfast ready. Should be ready in half an hour. You can join us if you want or I can save you a plate."

Tommy doesn't reply, just keeps watching Phil with that distrust and disbelief.

Phil gently closes the door behind him and goes into a mad dash to find Wilbur and Fundy.

The two are in the boy's room.

His nose is no longer bleeding and luckily doesn't look askew. Wilbur has cleaned him up and changed his pajamas and the boy is asleep, curled up in Wilbur's arms.

"Hey mate," Phil says. "What happened?"

Phil knows whatever Wilbur says next will determine Tommy's fate with their family.

As much as they know he needs a home, if Wilbur or Fundy don't feel safe, Tommy will have to find that home somewhere else, and though it will ache to send him away while they barely scraped the surface with him, it's better to part earlier than later.

"Fundy heard the screams and went to check on Tommy," Wilbur says, the words clinical as he bottles up the anger and worry. "He shook his arm and Tommy reacted."

"Did he—"

"Not on purpose," Wilbur says. "Fundy made sure I know that. Fundy says he didn't look 'scary,' he looked scared."

Phil can only imagine what Tommy was scared of to make his first instinct of being touched to fight back.

"If you're looking to see if I want him gone, the answer is no. At first I... you know I would never tolerate someone hurting Fundy. But Tommy... he didn't hurt him out of malice. He hurt him because someone had hurt him. He didn't know who Fundy was. He was trapped in his mind, in his past, and Fundy had unfortunate timing. And I... believe me. I've stewed in it the entire time you've been with him, but for now, I know that what he needs is help, not to be kicked out of the first stable place he's been in in a long time."

Wilbur had always been a bleeding heart but he had a bark and bite when it came to the people he loved. He's protective in a way that leaves no room for argument, and in this moment, Phil is just relieved to know that Tommy is one of those people too.

"Is Fundy alright?"

“He will be,” Wilbur says. “It scared him too when Tommy... but his nose is alright. Nothing to be worried about. And you know Fundy is so forgiving, even when he shouldn’t be.”

“And do you think he shouldn’t be?”

“I don’t know what I think,” Wilbur admits with a sigh. “But... it’s up to Fundy. You know what Fundy said to me? He said was scared in the moment but he knows that Tommy is scared all the time.”

“Fuck,” Phil says, air knocked out of him as he sits on the edge of the bed, the words sitting heavy between them.

“What have we gotten ourselves into?”

“I don’t know,” Phil says. “But whatever it is, it’ll be worth it. It has to be. Because he... he deserves so much more than what he’s gotten.”

“And we don’t even know what it was he had.”

“Yeah,” Phil breathes. “I told Tommy I’d get breakfast ready. Come join whenever—”

“Yeah, I got it,” Wilbur says. “Thank you, Dad.”

Phil smiles, genuine but tired. He places a hand on Wilbur’s shoulder. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

And with that, Phil leaves Wilbur with Fundy and gets into the familiar routine of getting breakfast ready, making more than usual.

With a spread of scrambled eggs, sausages and pancakes (plain and chocolate chip) on the table, Techno is the first to come down.

The young man was not much of a morning person, mostly because he spends his nights staying up late engrossed in a story, but it seems he was unable to go back to bed after the startling awakening.

Wilbur and Fundy come down next, Fundy still clinging to Wilbur, his head resting on his shoulder.

The four of them strike up conversation, not quite digging into the food just yet, content in sipping their respective morning drinks (Techno with his ice water, Fundy with his watered down juice, Wilbur with his coffee, and Phil with his tea.)

Tommy joins them as they’re in a deep discussion about the trending news that Techno shared from his Twitter.

They don’t make a big deal about his entrance, continuing the conversation as Tommy finds a seat across from Fundy.

“Dig in before it gets cold,” Phil says, even though he knows the food has cooled significantly in their wait.

Tommy is hesitant as he looks at the spread.

“What’s wrong, mate?” Phil asks.

“I don’t know what this is.”

“Oh,” Phil says. He knows that there’s a lot that Tommy doesn’t know, but it still takes him a back realizing how much had been kept from.

“Well, these are eggs—”

“I know what eggs are,” Tommy says.

“Alright,” Phil says, smiling. “Well these are called scrambled eggs. Because you mix them up. And these are sausages. Do you know what cows are?”

Tommy nods.

“Well, this is made with cow meat. And these are pancakes. They’re, uhm. Hm. I’ve never had to explain pancakes. They’re sweet and soft. You can try one if you’d like. If you don’t like it, don’t worry about finishing it.”

Satisfied with his explanation and clearly hungry, Tommy fills his plate.

“I had a pet cow once,” Tommy says through a mouthful of sausage.

Fundy brightens up. “Like an actual cow?” Fundy turns to his father and Wilbur immediately shakes his head.

“We don’t have the space for a cow,” Wilbur says. “And cows require lots of space that we can’t give them.”

Fundy deflates. “Yeah. Our house is pretty small. And so’s our garden.”

“Yeah,” Wilbur says, ruffling his hair. “Maybe one day, when you’re older, you can get a pet that we’ve got room for.”

Fundy’s eyes widen. “Promise?”

Wilbur shares a fondly exasperated look with Phil. “We’ll see, alright?”

“What was your cow like?” Fundy asks Tommy.

“He was very soft and cuddly,” Tommy says. “Sometimes when he was lying down, I would just curl up on his side.”

“Did you leave him back at your house?”

Wilbur, Phil, and Techno all share a collective cringe.

“Fundy,” Wilbur starts.

“Oh, no, he died.”

Another cringe.

“Oh no!” Fundy says. “What happened?”

“Someone killed him.”

“*Tommy*,” Phil interjects, immediately feeling guilty when Tommy flinches. “Just... let’s not talk about that sort of thing with Fundy, alright?”

“Okay,” Tommy says, his voice small, eyes going to his plate.

Phil’s heart constricts but he knows that there are some boundaries that he needs to establish and maintain, especially with their youngest.

“I’m sorry that happened,” Phil says. “You didn’t deserve that.”

“Henry didn’t deserve it either,” Tommy says quietly. “But that’s just how things were.”

The mood has sombered and Tommy has clearly lost his appetite. Tommy pushes out of his chair and heads out of the kitchen.

Phil stands. “I should—”

“Go,” Wilbur says.

Phil follows Tommy to his room, finding the boy looking longingly out of his window.

“Hey,” Phil says. “I didn’t mean to make you feel like you can’t talk about this sort of thing with us. We just try to keep those topics away from Fundy.”

“He’s a kid,” Tommy says. “I get it.”

Phil bites back the urge to say that Tommy is a kid too.

“*Do* you want to talk about it?”

“There’s not much to talk about. Like I said. It’s just how things were. You couldn’t have pets because someone would just kill it. I knew that. But I still...” Tommy shakes his head. “I should’ve known better than to get attached.”

“It’s okay to get attached to things,” Phil says. “It’s healthy, even. It’s... it was wrong for whoever killed Henry because they knew you cared about him.”

“I loved him,” Tommy says, the words so quiet that Phil almost doesn’t catch them.

“I’m sorry,” Phil says because there’s nothing else to say.

“You didn’t do it,” Tommy says.

“Still,” Phil says. “We can’t have pet cows. Wilbur wasn’t just saying that to deter Fundy. But... I’ll find a way for you to see one again.”

“I haven’t seen any,” Tommy says.

“Well, that’s because they’re at farms,” Phil says. “I’m sure there’s a farmer who will let you visit.”

And Phil knows that the hours of research and cold calls is going to be worth it from the smile that spreads over Tommy’s features.

It is. For the first time since Phil has met Tommy, as he’s cuddled against a cow three times his size, the boy looks completely at peace.

## Chapter End Notes

hi!!! it's been a bit because i haven't really been into dream smp nor have i been writing fanfic recently because !! i was producing an ep!!! it's called Monomyth by impravidus and it was inspired by c!tommy and jason todd from the batman comics and i worked super hard on it so please check it out!!!



# **boba fucking SUCKS (also friend is human???)**

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

After giving Tommy a few days to settle, Phil knows that he needs to get Tommy his own things.

Though Wilbur's hand-me-downs fit Tommy just fine, the boy deserves his own clothes, even some of his own things for his room if he sees something that catches his eye.

So, Phil tells Tommy that he's taking him to the store.

"The what?" Tommy asks.

"The..." Phil stops. Right. Tommy had been in an amish-like community. They probably bartered. When he asks Tommy this, Tommy seems to understand the concept of bartering. "It's a place with a bunch of different things that you buy, that you barter your money to get."

"I get what money is," Tommy says. "My best friend's husband was fucking loaded."

Phil pauses, unsure of how to respond. "Ah. Well... that's what stores are."

"Why are we going to the store?"

"Well, to get you things," Phil says. "Your own clothes. Your own things."

"I've already got plenty of clothes," Tommy says. "You already gave me like seven shirts."

"That's... well, if you like those shirts, they can still be yours. But I thought you might want to pick some out for yourself."

"I've got my own shirt," Tommy says.

Phil thinks back to the tattered, dirty, blood stained shirt Wilbur had found Tommy in. "Well now you can have more if you want."

"I've never really... wanted to," Tommy says. "No reason to. I've really only worn two different things my entire life. What I was wearing before and my uniform."

"Your uniform?"

"Yeah, during the Revolution," Tommy says.

The words echo in Phil's head, unable to fully comprehend. "Oh," he says, unable to say anything else.

“I guess getting more clothes would be pretty pog,” Tommy says. “Wilbur had like... four outfits.”

“Wilbur’s had much more than four,” Phil says.

Tommy’s face shudders into a blank expression that makes Phil’s heart tug painfully. “Not... not your Wilbur.”

Phil remembers Wilbur talking about Tommy calling out to someone named Wilby, someone he had mistaken Wilbur for. Wilbur hasn’t asked about the other Wilbur, not wanting to pry at something that could make Tommy close off, but he has to guess that he must’ve been his older brother, or at least, an older brother figure.

“Well,” Phil says. “If you find that you do want more clothes, I’d be happy to take you to the store.”

Phil leaves Tommy’s room and goes to his office to do some work. Tommy enters his office, not knocking as he usually doesn’t. “I want to go to the store.”

Phil smiles.

Tommy is astonished by the store. It’s just Walmart, but he looks at every aisle with such wide-eyed awe that you’d think it was the most beautiful thing in the world. He takes his time looking, not confined to just the men’s section, also looking through the women’s.

He favors things that are red and comfortable, cringing away at the fabrics that are too scratchy or stiff.

He ends up getting a few pairs of pants and an array of red shirts ranging from simple t-shirts to fluffy sweaters to crop tops. Phil makes sure to also get him some underwear and socks and has him choose one pair of shoes. He is immediately drawn towards a simple pair of white sneakers and luckily they aren’t too pricey.

Phil also has Tommy pick out his own toiletries but quickly realizes that Tommy has no clue what any of it is. Apparently wherever he came from there was no toothbrushes or toothpaste or shampoo.

So, Phil talks him through it all and promises to show him when they get home.

It does explain a lot about Tommy’s current hygiene.

Phil grimaces a bit when he sees the total but he knows this will last Tommy a long time and it’s worth it to see him happy with something he chose.

After the long shopping spree, Tommy has built up the appetite so Phil takes him through the closest drive through and gets him some chicken nuggets and fries.

Tommy is blown away by chicken and potatoes in a form he’s never seen before and loudly enjoys his lunch.

As they enter the house, bags in hand, Phil calls out to announce their return.

“Hey Dad!” calls a voice from the kitchen.

Phil places the bags on the counter and smiles at Ghostbur who is washing some strawberries. “Hey mate. I didn’t know you’d be home today.”

“I wasn’t planning it either but Wilbur had told me about the new addition and I had to come meet him.”

Speak of the devil, Tommy walks into the kitchen and drops his bags on the floor with wide eyes. “Get away from the water!”

He pulls Ghostbur back, wiping his hands with his own shirt.

Ghostbur, understandably startled, pushes Tommy away gently. “Hey. What’s wrong?”

“Why would you do that?” Tommy asks angrily. “You were burning yourself!”

Phil’s heart drops, wondering how he could’ve missed this misbelief. “Tommy,” Phil says. “Water doesn’t burn you.”

Tommy scoffs. “It doesn’t burn me, but it burns...” He stops, really looks at Ghostbur, and deflates. “Sorry. I... thought you were someone else.”

Phil wonders if that someone else is Tommy’s Wilbur. If he had mistaken Wilbur for him, then there’s no wonder why he would mistake his twin brother.

“No worries,” Ghostbur says, smiling brightly. “You must be Tommy. I’m Ghostbur.”

“Yes, hi!” Tommy says, voice lightening into something much happier than it was before. “It’s really nice to meet you.”

“It’s very nice to meet you too!” Ghostbur chirps.

Phil immediately notices the shift in tone. Tommy hasn’t once talked like this with any of them, but something seems to have flipped as he talks with Ghostbur. His voice is happier and Phil isn’t sure if it’s Ghostbur himself or something else.

As Ghostbur and Tommy wrap up their chat, Tommy goes to pick up the bags he dropped, shoving the clothes that had spilled out back in.

“How’s Friend?” Phil asks Ghostbur.

“Friend?” Tommy repeats.

“Friend is my partner,” Ghostbur says.

“Is he a sheep?” Tommy asks.

Ghostbur laughs at the unexpected question. “No. Friend is definitely human.”

“What’s he like as a human?” Tommy asks.

“He’s really sweet. Very extroverted. He’s kind. He’s just... he’s great.”

“And what does he do?”

“He owns a boba shop.”

“What the fuck is boba?”

Ghostbur gasps excitedly. “Oh, I have to take you to his shop. You have to try it.” He turns to Phil. “Can I...?”

“It’s up to Tommy,” Phil says.

Ghostbur turns to Tommy and Phil knows that Tommy can’t deny his pleading eyes.

“Yeah,” Tommy says. “Why not?”

The drive to Friend’s boba shop is filled with light chatter. Tommy keeps the conversation happy, redirecting the topic if it got even a little too serious. Ghostbur isn’t sure why and he hopes it isn’t some sort of unhealthy coping mechanism — he knows too much of those — but he thinks it may not be for Tommy but for Ghostbur, though he can’t figure out why.

Tommy is at ease with Ghostbur in a way he doesn’t seem to be with the rest of his family, though Ghostbur doesn’t know why. He asks him who he reminded Tommy of and he said it was a friend. There are much worse people to be compared to, and if Tommy feels safe with him because he reminds him of his friend, then it must’ve been a good friend.

Speaking of friends, he gets to see Friend!

His partner stands at the counter handing a drink to a customer in the blue wool sweater Ghostbur got for him. Ghostbur can’t help the lovesick grin that grows on his face. “Friend!”

Friend’s head snaps up and mirrors Ghostbur’s smile. “Ghostbur!” His gaze shifts to the boy beside him. “Who’s this?”

“This is Tommy,” Ghostbur says. “He’s never had boba.”

Friend’s jaw drops. “Well, we need to fix this right away.”

Friend chooses a black milk boba for Tommy and flirts with Ghostbur for a little bit before another customer comes to the counter.

Ghostbur chooses his favorite table to sit with Tommy at. It’s right next to the window and the warm sun feels good on his pale skin.

Tommy takes a sip and seems to enjoy the drink but when the first boba ball goes up the straw Tommy starts hacking.

Ghostbur, worried he's choking, stands with worry.

"What the *fuck* was that?!" Tommy shouts, voice hoarse from the coughing.

"Boba," Ghostbur says.

"It's just like fuckin' — what the fuck was it — Jello."

"Oh no," Ghostbur says, lip trembling. "If I knew you didn't like Jello, I'd never have made you try Boba."

Tommy's eyes go wide. "It's alright!" he says, voice lightening. "You didn't know. It's not your fault that I didn't like it. And... and now you have *two* drinks to drink."

Ghostbur looks at him with questioning eyes. "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely." Tommy slides the drink across to Ghostbur and takes a bite of his chicken Banh-Mi. "So, do you make potions?"

"Uhm," Ghostbur says. "I'm not sure I understand."

"So you don't," Tommy says, brows furrowing as he frowns.

"What do you mean by potion making?"

"You know, potion brewing," Tommy says. "I never really got it the way you— I mean, uhm. The way my friend that you... you remind me of did. L'Manberg was founded because of potions. We were making a monopoly on them but apparently that was against the rules or some shit."

"How do potions work?"

"Well, you've got the brewing stand, right?"

Ghostbur doesn't understand but encourages Tommy to continue.

"Well, you've got your water bottles and your blaze powder and you just... add shit to make potions. First you gotta add the nether warts so you can make the base potion and then you can make the complex potions or redstone dust to extend the duration or glowstone to enhance the level, and then you just add the ingredients to make the potions."

Ghostbur had been warned that Tommy has different words to describe things but he hadn't realized how confusing it was.

"That sounds a lot like chemistry," Ghostbur says. "I'm a chemist. I take substances and investigate their properties and the way they interact, combine, and change to make new substances."

"Yeah!" Tommy says. "Same fuckin' shit."

It's so whimsical, to see chemistry as something magic like potion making. It makes Ghostbur wonder what else Tommy sees like that.

## Chapter End Notes

GUYS i've finally outlined this fic so i actually know what's going to happen. hopefully that means the chapters will be more frequent then months apart but i can't promise anything.

# **i died! so what?**

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Phil knew that he had to have this conversation at some point with Tommy, he just hadn't been prepared for it to be like this.

It's laundry day and Phil was gathering his boys' clothes to throw into the wash, but when he goes to grab Tommy's, the boy's face goes blank, and he starts to pull the shirt he's wearing.

"Woah, woah, woah," Phil says. "You don't need to do that."

Tommy pauses, brows furrowing with confusion. "You asked for my clothes."

"Yes, your... the clothes that you've worn this past week. I was going to wash them."

"Oh," Tommy says. "They're not dirty."

Phil would argue otherwise, but knowing the grime that Tommy was covered in when they first met, he knows that they have different gauges for what qualifies as dirty.

"I can take them anyway," Phil says. "We wash our clothes every couple weeks."

"Why?"

"Hygiene," Phil says, a word that has become more and more of a staple in his vocabulary with Tommy.

Tommy groans. "Hygiene is such a hassle."

"That it is," Phil says. "But we have to adhere to it anyways."

Tommy grabs his laundry basket and hands it to Phil and a swell of pride shoots through Phil to see that the boy has kept up with tossing his clothes in there even though he doesn't understand the necessity of why and most likely pulled the clothes out to rewear often.

"Would you like to learn how the washing machine works?"

Tommy nods, following Phil like a shadow as he heads down to the laundry room.

To no surprise of Phil, Tommy tries to eat the Tide Pods, though his familiarity with them and the trend to eat them surprised him, especially because of lack of knowledge of their poisonous inedibility.

Tommy sits criss cross in front of the washer, cheek pressed to it and feeling the vibrations against his skin.

“Tommy,” Phil asks. “Can I ask you something? And you don’t have to answer if it makes you uncomfortable.”

Tommy’s head tilts to look at Phil apprehensively. “Okay...”

“Earlier, when I asked for your clothes, you... uhm. You started to take off the clothes you were wearing. Is that something that you had to do... where you used to be?”

“Not usually,” Tommy says and a sigh of relief is punched out of Phil’s lungs. “There was... there was someone. Who would ask for my armor. And I would have to give it to him when he asked. So I thought...”

“I would never ask something like that from you,” Phil says. “Why—” He stops himself.

Tommy’s lips twist bitterly. “He liked to take what I had. And he... he would blow it up. In front of me. Just because he could and because he knew that I worked hard to get it.”

“I would never, ever do that,” Phil says, avoiding the term ‘blow up’ unsure if it was hyperbolic or literal, though knowing Tommy, it may very well be the truth.

“This... this person. Did they hurt you?”

“Yes,” Tommy says, the words resigned but said with no hesitation. Just a fact. “A lot.”

“I know I keep saying never, but Tommy, I will never lay a hand on you with any intention to hurt you. That is unacceptable and if anyone does that to you, then you tell me. And if I for some reason ever do that, then you tell someone else, okay?”

“You... you would want me to tell someone if you hurt me?”

“Yes,” Phil says. “Because I would need to be held accountable for my actions.”

“But you won’t. You won’t hurt me.”

“I will do everything in my power to not hurt you. Physically, I can promise I won’t, but emotionally, I know that I will make mistakes and I hope that we would be able to talk it out so I wouldn’t hurt you like that again.”

“And what if I hurt you? Or I do something wrong?”

“Well, if you hurt me, then I would want to know why, because I’m sure you’d have your reasons. And if you do something wrong, we would talk about it and discuss why it was wrong and what to do and not to do in the future.”

“What if I break a rule?”

“Well, what rules would you be breaking?”

“Yours.”



Phil's brows raise and he realizes that there has been an unspoken miscommunication.

"Tommy, my only rules are for you to be kind to others and yourself and to respect others and their spaces in this home. There may be some more specific things under those umbrella rules that I may expect and you may not know, but we'll only discover them as they come along. But I can say with certainty that if you continue to follow those two things, then whatever else will be fine."

"That's... broad."

"Too broad for you?"

Tommy hesitates, searching Phil's expression. "Maybe. I've not been the best at being kind. Or respectful."

"Then we'll work on it together," Phil says. "How's that sound?"

"Hard."

Phil laughs. "Yeah. I guess it is. But I believe you'll figure it out." The doorbell rings and Tommy flinches at the sound. "Oh, I'm sorry, Tommy. I totally forgot that I was having my coworker over to discuss our recent project."

"What exactly *do* you do?"

Phil and Tommy start to head downstairs. "I'm an architectural consultant," Phil explains. "I help with the math — blueprints, accounting, anything with numbers." Tommy's face scrunches with displeasure and Phil laughs. As he makes it to the door, he stops and turns to Tommy. "Would you like to meet my coworker? You don't have to."

"Yeah, why not?" Tommy says.

Phil, concerned but also not wanting to push back on Tommy confidently voicing what he wants, opens the door and greets his fellow contractor, Sam, with a smile. "Hey, mate."

"Hey, Phil," Sam says, voice muffled from behind his mask.

Phil turns to introduced Tommy to Sam but the boy stares at Sam with wide eyes. They're fearful as they often are, but there's something softer there too, a fondness, familiarity, and the tenseness in his shoulders lightens just slightly.

"Sam, this is Tommy," Phil says.

"Hey Tommy. Nice to meet you."

"Are you building a prison?"

A tense and confused silence falls over Sam and Phil as they share a confused look.

"Uhm," Sam says. "No. We're building an apartment complex."

The rest of the tension leaves Tommy and he tilts his head. “What makes it complex?”

“Oh,” Phil says. “That’s just what it’s called. It just means buildings filled with apartments.”

“Do you have a Sam Nook?” Tommy asks Sam, not acknowledging Phil’s explanation.

“Funny you ask because in fact, I do!” Sam shoots Phil a questioning look, as if to ask if he had told Tommy about it. Phil shakes his head, his perplexed expression only growing. Sam, taking in the odd information, pulls up his toolbox. “My handy dandy power tool set. Can get into any nook and cranny.”

“Oh,” Tommy says, deflating with disappointment.

“Why did you think we were building a prison?” Sam asks.

“There was someone I used to know who had built one,” Tommy says. “There was only one prisoner though.”

Sam’s brows shoot up and Phil shoots him an apologetic look mouthing ‘I’ll explain later’ to him.

“It was a shit prison though,” Tommy says. “I got locked up with him and beaten to death.” Tommy’s eyes flicker up at Phil. “But uh. They revived me so everything worked out.”

Phil’s heart drops and he feels his whole body fill with dread. God. It’s so much worse than he could have possibly imagined. And the casual way Tommy talks about it, clearly he has compartmentalized it greatly, probably doesn’t even realize how severe what has been done to him is.

It’s in this moment that Phil vows to himself that he will give Tommy a better life. He had known already, had longed and hoped to, but he *has* to. This boy has been hurt and gone through hell and yet he’s still here, still standing, and that takes such perseverance and strength that Phil can’t help but feel proud of the boy even when his heart breaks because of why he’s had to be so strong.

But he doesn’t have to anymore. All he needs to do now is heal.

And Phil will do whatever it takes to help him do it.

## Chapter End Notes

to be cringe is to be free. dsmp is making a comeback on tiktok so i decided to update my dsmp fics. hope you enjoyed and if there are things i've already addressed it's bc i didn't actually reread what's already written so! reiteration i suppose!



## End Notes

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